

THE
SONGS, &c.
IN THE
NUNNERY,
A
COMIC OPERA
OF
TWO ACTS.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

THE

SONG

THE

NUNNERY

COMPTON



PRICE SIXPENCE

THE
W O R D S
OF THE
SONGS, DUETS, GLEES,
CHORUSSES, &c.
IN THE
N U N N E R Y,

A
C O M I C O P E R A
O F
T W O A C T S.

The Music by Mr. SHIELD.

L O N D O N :
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MDCCCLXXXV.

THE
WORDS

OF THE

SONG DUTY
CHORUS

IN THE

NUNNERY



COMMITTEE

TWO ACTS

BY MISS M. S. S. S.

LONDON:
Printed for T. and J. Egerton,
MILNERS, LIBRARY, WHITEHALL.

INDICATED

CHARACTERS.

M E N.

Capt. BANNER,
FORAGE,
PETER,
Father AMBROSE,
Officer of the Police,
Friar,

Mr. *Johnstone.*
Mr. *Quick.*
Mr. *Edwin.*
Mr. *Fearon.*
Mr. *Davies.*
Mr. *Darley.*

W O M E N.

Mrs. D'ARCY,
SELINA,
TERISA,
Abbess

Mrs. *Kennedy.*
Mrs. *Bannister.*
Mrs. *Martyr.*
Miss *Platt.*

&c. *&c.* *&c.*

CHARACTERS.

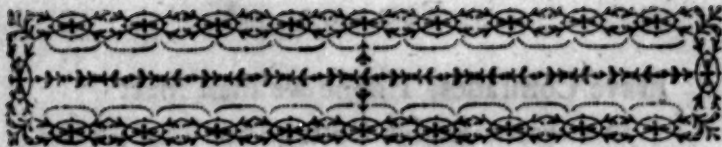
MEN.

Mr. Robinson.	Capl. Banner.
Mr. Quick.	Forage.
Mr. Brown.	Peter.
Mr. Fenton.	Tracy Ambrose.
Mr. Davies.	Officer of the Police.
Mr. Dwyer.	John.

WOMEN.

Mr. Dwyer.	Mr. Dwyer.
Mr. Brown.	Mr. Brown.
Mr. Fenton.	Mr. Fenton.
Mr. Davies.	Mr. Davies.

END.



T H E
N U N N E R Y.

A C T I.

A I R I.

CHORUS.

THE Perils of the Main are past,—
The swelling Wave,—the whistling Blast;
And now, no midnight Signal dread,
Shall rouse the Soldier from his bed.

A I A

B

A I R

A I R II.

FORAGE.

Brave Comrades, I hope we shall meet
 In a warm *English* Cottage ere long ;
 Brown Toast and good Ale for our Treat,
 And ev'ry Jug crown'd with a Song.

CHORUS.

But now let the Fife sound—farewel !
 We must part—and the Drum is our Knell !

FORAGE.

By the Side of a good Winter Fire,
 We'll merrily pass the long Night ;
 And tell—how we made those retire,
 Who came with no Stomachs to fight,

CHORUS.

But now let the Fife sound—farewel !
 We must part—and the Drum is our Knell !

AIR

A I R III.

Capt. BANNER.

This Lock of dear *Selina's* Hair,
 I do not without Meaning wear;
 Within the Breast, on which 'tis shown,
 That little *Empress* keeps a Throne!—
 So Ensigns on a Fort, declare
 The *Power*, which holds Possession there.

A I R IV.

TERISA.

Obedient to the active *Crew*,
 Swift thro' the Tide the *Cutter* flew!—
 Each Oar shot forth a Gleam,
 As from the Blade the Water fell!—
 Then trembled o'er the rippling Swell,
 And kiss'd again the Stream.

The *Coxswain* sung a cheering Lay,
 And cried at ev'ry Pause, "Give way"—
 They soon approach'd the Land!
 I saw the Soldiers leap ashore;—
 I heard the Sailors loudly roar—
 "Put off, Boys, bear a Hand!"

A I R V.

Mrs. D'ARCY.

The *Soldier* cries, " Here, take my Hand,
" Let *Beauty* triumph o'er the brave !"
But short that Pow'r—at *War's* Command
He flies the Fair, no more her *Slave*.

Ev'n while he breathes the marriage Vow,
Thus may he sing, nor mean a Joke—
" The sacred Laws to which I bow,
" Are rosy Fetters, quickly broke !"

The Tenant of a Dungeon strong,
Did Hours of Freedom near him wait ;
Wou'd clink his Chain, to time his Song,
And dance to Sounds, he else wou'd hate !

A I R VI.

SELINA.

Relate this Story with a Tear,
As tho' a hapless *Dove*,
Whose Views of Comfort thro' the Year,
Arose alone from Love :

Beheld

Beheld upon a fatal Hour,
 Her feather'd Lover dead;
 Meanwhile, the Pleasures of her Bow'r,
 To other Regions fled!

Say too, she sought a dark Recess,
 And tun'd to Grief her Song;—
 While *Spring*, array'd in cheerful Dress,
 Unheeded, past along!—
 That *Winter* came,—but ah! it found
 No Guardian by her Side;
 And whilst a Tempest whistled round,
 She dropt to Earth, and died!

A I R VII.

Mrs. D'ARCY.

Tho' *Henry* roves a distant Clime,
 Thro' Woods and over Hills sublime;
 He keeps *Selina* still in Mind,
 And breathes his Vows on ev'ry Wind:
 But Oh!—the Bliss which Fancy eyes,
 Far from the anxious Lover flies!

The *Trav'ler* thus—o'ertook by Night,—
 Beholds a distant *vap'rous Light*;—
 Pursues it for a cottage Fire,
 And sees it further still retire;
 At length the *Gleam*, by Winds upborne,
 Leaves the bewilder'd Wretch to mourn,

A I R

A I R VIII.

PETER.

The *Mag*, like the *Barrister*, chatters aloud,
 Tells a Story at random, and puzzles the Crowd.
 His *pied Coat* expresses a Power to shew,
 That White is deep Sable, and Black driven Snow,
 He hops,—beats his Wings,—cries “ Take Care
 of poor *Mag* !”
 And scarce leaves his credulous Client a Rag.

The *Doctor* is seen by his Patient to fit,
 Shake his Head, and foretel the Return of the Fit :
 Left Mixtures should fail to determine his Skill,
 The Gloom of his Aspect has Science to kill.—
 Thus hovers the *Raven*, with terrible Croak,
 Wherever red War bids a Sacrifice smoke !

No *Gownsmen* can better agree with a Brother,
 Than *Rooks* in Society, one with another.
 They build in the most lofty Branches their Nest,
 And the Feathers of other Birds soften their Rest,
 From the Tow'r of an Abbey, how *priest-like*
 they caw,
 'Tis to *Pigeons* that listen, pontifical Law.

A I R

A I R IX.

C A T C H.

TERISA, PETER, and FORAGE.

If Bribes from these Lips, can give Joy to your
heart,

A Kiss you may take, but be quick and depart!—

The Offer is kind, and my Duty to shew,

Two Kisses I'll pay for the one you bestow.

In returning a Favor, I won't be outdone!

I'll gratefully give her Ten Kisses for One.

END of the FIRST ACT.

4 AP 54

ACT

A C T II.

A I R I.

PETER.

MY Friend the honest *Curate's* dead ;
His merry Jokes the Neighbours tell :—
The Men all praise his learned Head ;
The Women say,—he knew Things well !

Brisk e'en to Death, he call'd for Wine,
And when old crazy *Time*, alas !
Shew'd his Sand run, " I do repine,"
He said, " to see—an *empty Glas* !"

A I R II.

D U E T.

F O R A G E.

I like that Girl, with roguish Leer,
And Lips as red as Cherry :—
O could I but approach her Ear,
I'd whisper something merry !

TOA

PETER.

PETER.

You wou'd ?—O ho !—I guess your Meaning,
To wicked Thoughts you're always leaning.

Her Love a diff'rent Way I'd earn :—

A Word I wou'd not mutter ;

In silent Kisses she shou'd learn,

Far more than Tongue cou'd utter.

FORAGE,

Indeed !—Oho !—I guess your Meaning,
'Tis well some Tricks admit of screening !

A I R III.

D U E T.

Mrs. D'ARCY and SELINA.

Sad of Heart,

O must we part !

If so,—adieu !

Yet imag'd deep,

Shall Mem'ry keep

A chosen few !—

Morning Suns in Mists arise,

So in Tears shall wake these Eyes.

C

O sad

O sad of Heart,
Here let us part,
Farewel!—Adieu!

A I R IV.

SELINA.

Sweet flowing Stream, O may'st thou still be blest!
And thy dear Banks with fadeless Verdure drest:
For O thy Waters, with their murm'ring Swell,
Delight the *Vestal* in her chilling Cell!
And to those Waves, her ev'ning Hymn she thrills,
And calls an Eccho from thy grotto'd Hills.

A I R V.

TERISA.

Oh, when encamp'd, on chearful Ground
We lie,—sweet Objects scatter'd round;—
A verdant Hill, a fruitful Vale,
A chrystal Stream, a cooling Gale;
Then we'll careless sing.
As Birds, that welcome Spring,

When Morn unveils her blushing Face,
And upward beams the Welkin trace;

We'll

We'll quit our Slumbers, and repair
 To breathe the fragrant summer Air :
 While the *Reviellé*
 Warns the Camp 'tis Day:

The Troops we'll view, all fierce array'd,
 To Drums and sprightly Fifes, parade;
 Till loud is heard the ev'ning Gun,
 A Signal that the Labor's done ;
 Hark ! in Order grand,
 Sounds the martial Band !

A I R. VI.

Capt. BANNER.

The *Pilgrim*, tho' with Travel worn,
 When to some fav'rite Altar bound,
 Each onward Terror eyes with Scorn,
 Nor heeds the Perils lurking round.
 As sacred Treasure lures *his* Feet,
 His Bosom feels as blest a Heat :
 A way as rude,—as chearless would he rove,
 Whose Shrine is—*Beauty* : and Religion—*Love*.

AIR

A I R VII.

T R I O.

Capt. BANNER, SELINA and Father AMBROSE.

Those who labor for a Treasure,
In possessing feel true Pleasure ;
And the Recompence we'll prize.
Deep in Earth we *Gems* discover,—
Pebbles spread the Surface over,—
In the Search the Value lies.
Now for Blessings !
Dear Caressings !
Kisses stiffling !—
O fond Triffling.

A I R VIII.

F I N A L L E.

Capt. BANNER.

When *Adam* liv'd a single Life,
With *Paradise* to range ;

SELINA.

He murmur'd till he had a Wife,
And lik'd, 'tis said, the Change.

Mrs.

Mrs. D'ARCY.

Oh may you, in bright *Hymen's* Bow'r,
Still find an *Eden* gay!—

FORAGE.

But taste not, “in an *evil Hour*,”
Forbidden Fruit, I pray!

TERISA.

May too, no lurking Ruffian dare
That *Eden* Fence to climb:

PETER.

And yet some desp'rate Dogs, I hear,
Rob *Orchards* at this Time.

ALL,

But let's unite in festive Mirth,
The Laugh, the Dance, the Song!
For tho' our Stay is short on Earth,
'Twill seem, if sad, too long.

F I N I S.

Miss D'A...

Oh may you, in bright dawn's dawn,
Still find an Eden gay!

But take not "in an evil hour"
Forbidden fruit, I pray!

May too, no lasting Eden state
This Eden Eden to state!

4 AP 54

Patience

And yet, dear delicate Rose, I fear,
Rob Orchard at this time!

All!

But let's unite in Active Mirth,
The laugh, the dance, the song!
For tho' our stay is short on Earth,
I'll deem it sad, too long.

W. L. G.

X

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